

THE  
Maidens Complain  
Against COFFEE.

OR, THE  
COFFEE-HOUSE  
DISCOVERED,

Besieged, Stormed, Taken, Untyled and la  
Open to publick view, in a merry Conference between

Mr. *Black-burns* the Coffee-man.  
Mr. *Suck-soul* the Usurer.  
Mr. *Antidote* the Mountibank.  
Mr. *Purge* the Apothecaries.  
Mrs. *Troublesome* the Usurers wife.



*Snap-short* the Usurers man.  
*Toby* the Brokers man.  
*Dorothy* the Usurers maid.  
And  
*Joane* the Brokers maid.

BEING

Very pleasant and delightful for Old and Young, Lads and Lasses, Boyes  
Girles, *Omnium gatherum*, as the devout *Ironmonger* quotes  
it, in his Annotations upon *Toby* and his Dog.

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Written by Merc. Democ. at his Chamber in the World in the Moon, for the benefit  
of all the mad-merry-conceited people under the Sun.

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THE  
COFFEE-HOUSE  
UNTIL'D.

*Black-burnt*

**W** Ho's at dore?  
*Troublesom.* Is my Husband here?  
*Blak.* He is just come in. Pray Mrs *Troublesome* go into the Coffee-room, there's none but a Broker wish him.

*Troubl.* Truly Mr. *Suck-soul* you drive a fine Trade here, you'll ene make your body as black with this cursed liquor, as your Soul is with extortion; but esfaith I'll bear up your quarters a little oftner then I have done; for if your haunt be here *Blackburne* will Soul-suck you with his Coffee more than you do the poor with extortion.

*Black.* Indeed Mrs *Troublesome* you judge very uncharitably, for my gain is but ten pence in the shilling, and I am as well contented with that as he that gets pounds.

*Troubl.* I marry, that you may well be, for ten pence in the shilling is just 83 pound, 6 shillings and 8 pence *per cent.* and if my husband get but 30 or 40 pound in the hundred hee's as safe as a thief in a mill. Come *Suck-soul*, let's be gone.

*Suck-soul.* Prethee love be patient, I'll follow the presently.

*Troubl.* You shall go with me, or the house shall be to hot to hold you or any of your Companions, before *Black-burnt* shall keep you

OB. 36.

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up

up in his Hell-black Ordinary, I'll make him fly his house, I and his Country too.

*Black.* Pray Mrs. *Troublesome* don't make such a rattling noise here to disturb my house, and fright away my customers, if you do, I shall be forced to turn you out a doors.

*Troubl.* Use better language, Sirrah, be more Civil,

Or I shall fling you Coffee to the Devil.

*Sack.* Mr. *Black-burn* I must needs go, or there will be such a peal of thunder by and by, as will far exceed the hear of your Coffee; for this is but one of my Wives preambles she will enlarge presently, to prevent that danger farewell.

*Antidote and Purge.*

*Antid.* Well overtaken Mr. *Purge*, Whether away so fast?

*Purg.* In sooth I'me going to the Devils Ordinary call'd the Coffee House.

*Ant.* Efaith Change time is almost past. Let's away with all dexterity, agility and celerity. least we lose our opportunity; for I intend to perswade as many as I can to drink that Indian liquor, 'twill make work enough for me.

*Purg.* I and for me too I hope, if your trade go forward.

*Ant.* And that it shall do, for what Ingredients I want, I'll have of none but your self.

*Purg.* Come then, let's enter this Coffee-house.

*Ant.* Mr. *Black-burn*, Have you any Coffee ready?

*Black.* Yes Sir, the best in London.

*Ant.* Give me a dish. Oh it's rare liquor, good for several diseases, an infallible Medicine I'll promise you for the Gout, Consumption, Dropsie, Prissick and all other Maladies.

*All the Customers.* Truly Sir we have found some good in it, but if it be infallible, and so rare for all diseases, wee'll make this our headquarters.

*Ant.* Do you see Mr. *Purge* how it takes with them, I shall have imployment enough; for I know it is the only liquor in the universe, to fill the body with diseases, it drys up the brains, putrifies the blood, strinks up the Sinews, Nerves, Arteries and corodes upon every part of the body, that I am sure to have patients enow infected to fill my Coffers.

*Purg.* Sir, I hope as fortune favours you with store of patients, you

you will be pleas'd to favour me with your Custome, for I can fit you with Unguents, Symps, Oils, Pills, Plasters, Powders, and other Ingredients of all sorts.

*Ans.* I know thou'rt an able fellow, be confident of my custome, till when farewell.

*Enter Dorothy and Ione.*

*Dorothy.* Honest *Ione*, how fares it with you these hard times?

*Ione.* Worse then ever I expected; for I believe I shall never enjoy any comfort from our man *Snapshort* since he went with my Master to the *Coffee-house*, he is so dry as a kix, that damn'd liquor will shorten his life and ability at least five in the fifteen.

*Dorothy.* And truly our *Toby* is come to the same passe; for since he drank *Coffee*, he is no more like the man he was then an apple's like an Oyster.

*Ione.* In truth *Dorothy* my Mistress complains as much of my Master; for now, if she look him, she finds him no where but at a *Coffee-house* forthooth, with a dish in his hand and a pipe at his nose, where there's a smok like a Brewers Scoak-hole.

*Dorothy.* Verily *Ione* my Mistris dos cry out as much against my Master, for formerly she was wont to find him at a Taverne, where she could have a glaife of Canary to refresh her languishing spirits, but now (since this black-broth came up) if she look him, hee's at a *Coffee-house*, making a chimney of his noddle, where there is such an odious scent; fogh, fogh, fogh it makes my heart ake to think what a Jaques he makes of his brains.

*Ione.* I believe the Devil first invented this liquor, on purpose to plague our Sex.

*Dor.* I imagine so too, but rather then I'll dote upon a man that drinks *Coffee*, I am resolv'd to lead Apes in Hell.

*Ione.* And Devils to rather then I will chink,

Upon such sots as Hell-burn'd Liquors drink.

*Dorothy.* I protest *Ione* there's a little comfort in *Chocolats*, but before I'll sing my self away upon any such dry horse as drinks *Coffee*, I'll wrap my Maiden-head in my smock, and fling it into the Ocean to be bugger'd to death by young Lobsters.

*Ione.* And for my part, I'll hang my Maiden-head on a Wind-mill to be bated to death by the four Winds, rather then be poyson'd with the scent of old crufts, and threads of Leather burn'd and beaten to powder,

powder, of which I believe this cursed *Coffee* is made; some decayed Marchant has doubtless brought this in fashion to replenish his crack'd estate; and without question blind *Hewson* was the first inventor of this liquor, who converted his old shoes to powder, and sent them over on purpose to poyson the *English*; but I'll do the best I can to preserve my self from being infected with the scent of the Devils ordinarie, and so farewell sister *Dorothy*.

*Dorothy*. Adieu till to morrow, and then, if we meet, instead of *Coffee*, wee'll have a cup of wholsom Ale and a tost, till when let us be gone for yonder comes *Snapshort* and *Toby*.

*Toby*. Heav'ns assist me! What's this? a vision! Sure 'tis honest *Snapshort* the Userers man! Efaith 'tis he in his own likeness, How fairs it with you?

*Snap*. So strangely that I am ready to stagger with thinking, as much as the most distemper'd sot in the world can be with swallowing a whole brewing of *English Ale*.

*Toby*. Prethee *Snapshort* what's the cause of thy suddain distemper?

*Snap*. Cause enough to make thee mad if there were no more men in the world but thy self; for upon *Thursday* last, I travel'd to the *Royal Exchange*, to collect certain sums of money due to my Master from some decayed Marchants; and by the confused noise of several Languages, I was so confounded in my noddle that my brains ran to and fro like a foot-boy; and passing from thence into *Lothbury*, I went into a *Coffee-house*, took a dish of that Hell-burn'd liquor, thinking to settle them in their right Center, with the ratling noise of Kettles, Skimmers and Ladles amongst the Brasiers, my brains run round so swift as a Wind-mill, and all my joynts were as num as a old Womans troubled with the dead Palsy 30 years together, till I went into *Moor-fields*, took a turn or two in the Userers walk, and drank a cup of good wholsome Ale, with which I was revived, enlivened and restored to my memory, so perfectly, that I had an account in my pate of every penny due to my Master since the Creation.

*Toby*. Sfoot *Snapshort*, I'me not a little joyful of thy recovery to thy senses, but for that cursed Indian liquor, 'twill poyson a horse, it is a drench for the Devil: for since I drank *Coffee*, twice I adventer'd to storm the Fortresse of our maid *Joane*, with as much eagerness as ever the Great Turk did attempt to gain *Constantinople*; yet all my hopes were frustrated, and I did but just sling away a nights lodging or

two, to as little purpose as if I had run my Head into a Kitching-stuff Tub;

But I'll leave *Coffee*, for a cup of *Brackey*

Will fit a youngman for a Maidens Pl—

*Snap*. I that, that, that's the liquor I fancy; for I've as great an ambition to try our maid *Dorothy* as ever I had to satisfy my hungry maw with a breakfast of poach'd Eggs.

*Toby*. Honest *Snapshott*, I'll help thee to a cup of the best about *London*; for a cunning Landaberis of mine invired me (not long ago) to a house in *Perry-France*, where after a bottle or two, I grew so strong, that I call'd for a more convenient room, went up stairs, had a fresh bottle, flung her on the bed, and gave her as good a meales meat as ever she eat since the prime of her understanding; these are the effects of *Brackey*, but for *Coffee*, that curs'd liquor disables the most valiant *Hectors* in the universe. Nay, I dare pawn my honesty, had *Coffee* been made in the days of fair *Hellen* of *Greece*, so many heroick Champions would not have been so iv'fy, to adventur their lives and fortunes for a *Nunquam satis*.

Rather than I will such damn'd liquor take,

I'll drink the waters of the *Strygian Lake*.

*Snap*. But to leave off this dispute, where shall we pacifie the fury of our angry Stomacks with a good dinner?

*Toby*. If you'll accept of such faire as I have provided for a friend or two of mine, you shall be as welcome as *Mayerel* in *May*; Go with me to the *Labour in Vain*, I have bespoken a Shoulder of Veal Stufft with Cockles, a Lobster-tart, a Goose-giblet Custard, ner'e a bone of Bief, a Lack of Mutton and two Wood-cocks, if you'll make a third, you'll find as good company as your self; for there's *Donpaufrassus*, the Spanish Postelion, and Mounfrest *La Flamfed* the Plank-weaver of *Tenebrosa*, as good company as ever mortal mouth'd meat withall, besides a rare eccho of invisible musick.

*Snap*. Never was gentleman of quality better pleas'd with a dinner than I am in election to be. Divine cheer! Oh how pomper'd my poor panch is like to be by honest *Toby*! Veal, Cockles, Lobsters, Mutton, Bief. Wood-cocks, Goose-giblets, Musick and pure company; the gods themselves could not have more variety of dainties for fifti and fifti; But among all this cheer is there no *Coffee*?

*Snap*.



*Toy.* Nor a drop comes in my mouth or any man there. What,  
poyle my gueffe, no haueft *Snapbert*, there's a cup of good whole-  
some *English Ale*.

'Twill ring your Nose like Nector, and will raise  
Rich Rubies to your everlasting praise.

*Snap.* Come noble *Toy* let's away to dine,

And keep our drowie souls in sparkling Wine.

### The Mountebanks Postscript to the Reader.

*Reader, this drink call'd Coffee, it is good*

*To dry the Brains, and putrefie the Blood;*

*It Cures the Body of its health, no doubt*

*The sight also, if that it put not out*

*The eye, its full of Gravel, and there's none*

*That use it, but may soon obtain the Stone,*

*The Palsie, Dropfie, Gout, Feaver and Prick,*

*So that in fine, they'l come to me for Physick;*

*It dries up moisture, shortens previous life,*

*And makes a man and wife not his Wife:*

*It makes a Christian blacker far within,*

*Then ever was the Neger's outward skin:*

*Its of a Berry, men, this liquor made,*

*Which is transported from the Stygian Lake,*

*Upon the Banks of it these bushes grow,*

*The which the Stygian waters overflow,*

*(Like Nilus) and so nourish it this Weed,*

*That now hath gain'd the name of Coffee seed;*

*If it be not brought from Scythia, no man can tell,*

*(It is so black) except it grow in Hell.*

**FINIS**



ts recensemens originaux ne laissent rien à désirer pour leur exactitude et correction. Et seront tenus lesdits Commissaires, nommés et appointés me il est dit ci-dessus en vertu de la présente Ordonnance, dans un terme

lesdites marées, per-  
sonnes en demeure et  
autres, inhabiles ou  
incapables, et n'au-  
raient pas encore été  
vérifiés ainsi que l'exi-